

Good Morning 23

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

Can You Swallow this one?

A JAX, acknowledged to be the foremost sword-swallower of our time, to prove that his act is genuine, posed for a photograph—and an X-ray.

The sword enters the mouth and pharynx, through the esophagus, then enters the stomach. These organs are not in a straight line, but so placed by the sword's progress. Thus it is possible for him to swallow swords of 22 inches in length simply by being familiar with his physiologic construction.

After Meals

Before he begins he has a heavy meal—not necessarily because he's hungry, but because the weight of the food lengthens the passage leading to the stomach, thus giving room for a few extra inches of metal.

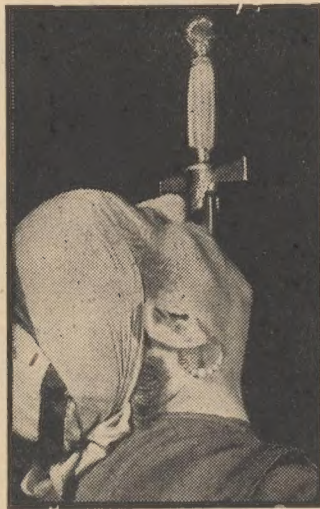
After the meal, the cleaning of the sword. Then he bends it to prove it doesn't fold up. And the performance proper starts. As soon as the sword enters his throat, he flings his head back so that the passage from mouth to stomach is in a straight line.

The next step is to control his breathing so that the passage is not disturbed. Gradually the sword disappears, until all but the hilt is feeling very down in the mouth.

After that he brings it up—by tapping the hilt with one finger.

No Chocolate

Nine out of ten could, with practice, become sword-swallowers without even giving themselves a scratch. The only unkind cut about the whole affair being that you mustn't eat chocolate. It remains in the passage from throat to stomach and sticks to the sword!



Ajax photographed and X-rayed to prove the genuineness of his act.



THE CANDLE DECIDES

THE inch of tallow candle, whose last flicker decides which bidder shall have the right to harvest the abundant watercress crop at Stowell Mead, in Somerset, burned for a record time of one hour and forty minutes at the year's secret auction this year.

Mr. E. Notley, Hallet, a local farmer, whose bid of £12 10s. behind locked doors at Ye Olde Poppe Inn, Tatworth, was the last before the candle flickered out, now holds the right to gather the meadow's crop.

Solution to Yesterday's Square Shoulder

Euchre, Accede, Chewed, Ordeal.

Rigid rules attend the auction. New members must pay "colting" fees of 2s. 6d., and anyone rising from his seat while the candle burns or who arrives late is fined.

Landlord Barrington House, who jumped up to fetch a dash of bitter for a bidder's grapefruit, was fined 6d.

And even secretary Mr. Fred Hayball and chairman Mr. George Stokes incurred penalties.

Mr. Hayball left his seat to open a window. Mr. Stokes wanted to see if the candle was still burning. His curiosity cost him 6d.

The auction usually lasts about forty minutes, and members who had to leave before the end also had to pay.

TWO HIGH-SPOTS of the SCREEN

By
CALL BOY

TWO very excellent films, "China Girl" and "Springtime in the Rockies," are currently screening in London, and a long pre-release run is anticipated in both cases.

"Springtime in the Rockies" is the riotous story of a pair of hot-heads, Dan Christy (John Payne) and Vicky Lane (Betty Grable).

On the closing night of the show in which they appear together, Victor Prince (Cesar Romero), a former dancing partner of Vicky's, asks her to rejoin him. She refuses, as she is going to be married to Dan.

But when Dan rushes in, reeking of expensive perfume, and very late for the show, Vicky changes her mind and goes off with Victor.

Sorrow Drowning

Three months later Dan is still drowning his sorrows in a bar, served by a bleak, polite and highly improbable bartender named McTavish (Edward Everett Horton). Dan's agent comes in and tries to persuade him to make it all up with Vicky. Dan refuses, but keeps on drinking steadily...

McTavish wakes him up. He discovers that he is at Lake Louise; that he has hired McTavish as his valet; Rosita Murphy (Carmen Miranda) as his secretary—and, he remembers nothing of it! He does remember, however, that Vicky is at Lake Louise with Victor and her faithful friend, Phoebe (Charlotte Greenwood).

Free for all

From here on it's everybody's fight—Dan versus Victor, Vicky versus Rosita, Rosita versus Phoebe, with Edward Everett Horton, Frank Orth, Jackie Gleason and Harry Hayden aiding and abetting.

The lilting musical score by Mack Gordon and Harry War-

ren is played by Harry James and his Music Makers.

Funny, fast and unpredictable, this Technicolor masterpiece ends up with a novelty number, "Pan-American Jubilee."

"Springtime in the Rockies" was directed by Irving Cummings and produced by William LeBaron. It is 8,170 feet long, with a Certificate "U."



"CHINA Girl" tells the story of Johnny Williams, a photographer, who is a prisoner of the Japanese. They offer him his freedom if he will make a film of the Burma Road for them. Johnny refuses, and is thrown into prison to await execution.

Waiting for the Dawn

In the cell with him is Major Bull Weed, who says he is also "waiting for the dawn." The door opens, and Weed's girlfriend Fifi comes in to "say good-bye." She manages to slip Weed a gun, and with this Weed and Johnny escape, pick up Fifi and fly to Mandalay in an abandoned Japanese fighter plane.

At his hotel in Mandalay he meets Miss Young, a beautiful Chinese girl, whose father runs a mission school. She repulses his crude efforts at love-making, and he goes back to Fifi, who is a more amiable companion. He walks up the stairs with Fifi to say good-night, and runs into Miss Young. Johnny is delighted, but his delight quickly turns to disappointment when he finds she has merely come to

"CHINA GIRL"



Gene Tierney stars again in another exotic characterisation in "China Girl."

thank him for helping her with some business and to tell him that Bull Weed and Fifi are Japanese agents, and that his escape was engineered to get the film of the Burma Road.

She also asks him to join the Flying Tigers, but he says he's not dying for China, and that he's seen enough of the Japanese to last him a long life-time.

Later, he realises the truth of what she has told him about his friends.

"China Girl" tells how he ended up fighting... for his sweetheart, and a better world. This is a picture with all the

vivid actuality of a news-reel and the poignant beauty of a great love story.

Exotic! Luscious!

Luscious Gene Tierney, already renowned for her exotic characters, finds her greatest opportunity as the "China Girl." George Montgomery plays Johnny Williams, and Victor McLaglen returns to the screen as Major Bull Weed. Fifi is portrayed by sophisticated Lynn Bari.

At the Victoria Palace, I tried to follow the original box of jewels (there are five very good imitations) through the show.

I had to give up at the first interval. I like this little show, though it certainly is not Lupino Lane's best. Perhaps it is Noni the Clown who makes me see "La-Di-Da-Di-Da" as often as possible.

Will Fyffe returns

IT must be many years since Will Fyffe has appeared on the legitimate stage. In Glasgow, however, he returns in "The Racketeers," a play by Monckton Hoffer, which is presented by Bertie Mayer.

The show will eventually move to London.

COCKEREL STOPS TRAFFIC IN HORNSEY

A WHITE cockerel escaped from a shop in Hornsey, N., recently, and went for a stroll on Crouch End, Broadway. Traffic stopped while it pecked in the middle of the road.

A policeman approached. The bird moved slowly away. The policeman increased his pace. The cockerel ran round a clock tower.

The policeman appealed to the spectators to help, and finally the bird was driven into a dairy and captured.



The stars of the new Technicolor masterpiece, "Springtime in the Rockies." Betty Grable, John Payne, Carmen Miranda, Cesar Romero, and Charlotte Greenwood. A riotous story, with red-heads, slapstick, free-for-alls—served with lilting music.

Periscope Page

QUIZ for today

1. What species of tree is the aspen?
2. Name the six Heralds.
3. Who wrote the music of "Rule, Britannia"?
4. Who composed Rhapsody in Blue?
5. In what State is Miami?
6. What is a Jezebel?
7. Who wrote the play "Heart-break"?
8. From which tree is gum arabic obtained?
9. Who wrote "All Quiet on the Western Front"?
10. Who is the Poet Laureate?
11. What is the county town of Antrim?
12. Dundalk is the county town of Louth, Meath, or Wicklow?



Mr. Bowyer at work.

WHEEL MAKER

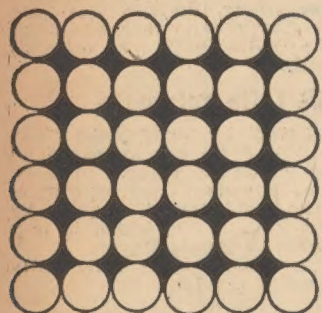
OWING to the demand for farm vehicles and small governess carts in the country, wheels are now in great demand. The craft of making these wheels is one of the oldest in England, but only a few of the old hands are left to carry on the job.

Old Tom Bowyer, 76, of Warfield, Berks, has been making farm carts all his life, and he has never been so busy as now.

One of his oldest workers is Fred Jackman, who has been working for Bowyer for fifty years. When he started he earned 25s. a week for a 60-hour week, and now he is worth his weight in gold.

The iron tyres are heated to expand them, and placed over the wheel hot, then water is poured on them to cool them and contract to close the wooden wheels tight.

DOUBLE CHECK



With a pencil, put check marks in twelve of these circles, under the following conditions:—

There must be two of the check marks on each horizontal row, vertical column, and corner-to-corner diagonal.

There must be not more than two of the check marks in the same straight line, up and down, across or diagonally.

HEARD THIS ONE?

A customer in an Irish draper's shop wished to purchase a shroud, but the price she was asked seemed exorbitant. "I could but it for half the price in Dublin," she complained. "Yes," replied the draper, "and the corpse would have his knees through it in a week."

Even the best family tree has its sap.

When a man has the last word in an argument with his wife it is generally an apology.

The absent-minded motorist who hid his head in his hands and forgot where he had put it.

NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Adapted from the Novel by Jules Verne

"I am ready to follow you." "Come."

I must acknowledge that my heart beat faster. I do not know why I saw some connection between the illness of this man of the crew and the events of the night before, and this mystery preoccupied me at least as much as the sick man.



Captain Nemo conducted me aft of the Nautilus, and made me enter a cabin situated in the crew's quarters.

There, upon a bed, a man of some forty years, with an energetic face and true Anglo-Saxon type, was reposing.

I bent over him. He was not only a sick man but a wounded one too. His head, wrapped in bandages, was resting on a double pillow. I undid the bandages, and the wounded man, looking with his large fixed eyes, let me do it without uttering a single complaint.

I felt the pulse; it was intermittent. The extremities were already growing cold, and I saw that death was approaching without any possibility of my preventing it. After dressing the wound I bandaged it again and turned towards Captain Nemo.

"How was this wound caused?" I asked.

"What does it matter?" answered the captain evasively. "A shock of the Nautilus broke one of the levers of the machine, which struck this man. But what do you think of his condition?"

I looked a last time at the wounded man, then I answered—

"He will be dead in two hours."

Captain Nemo clenched his hand, and his eyes, which I did not think made for weeping, filled with tears.

I left the captain in the room of the dying man, and went back to my room much moved by this scene. During the whole day I was agitated by sinister presentiments. I slept badly that night, and, amidst my frequently-interrupted dreams, I thought I heard distant sighs and a sound like funeral chants. Was it the prayer for the dead murmured in that language which I could not understand?

The next morning I went up, on deck. Captain Nemo had preceded me there. As soon as he perceived me he came to me.

"Professor," said he, "would it suit you to make a submarine excursion to-day?"

"With my companions?" I asked.

"If they like."

"We are at your disposition, captain."

Of the dying or dead there was no question. I went to Ned Land

and Conseil and told them of Captain Nemo's proposal. Conseil accepted it immediately, and this time the Canadian seemed quite ready to go with us.

It was 8 a.m. At half-past we were clothed for our walk, and furnished with our breathing and lighting apparatus. The double door was opened, and accompanied by Captain Nemo, who was followed by a dozen men of the crew, we set foot at a depth of ten yards on the firm ground where the Nautilus was stationed.

A slight incline brought us to an undulated stretch of ground at about fifteen fathoms depth. This ground differed completely from any I saw during my first excursion under the waters of the Pacific Ocean. It was the kingdom of coral.

At last, after two hours' walking, we reached a depth of about 150 fathoms. But it was no longer the isolated shrub nor the modest thicket of low brushwood. It was the immense forest, the great mineral vegetation, the enormous petrified trees, united by garlands of elegant plumarias, seabindweed, all decked off with colours and shades.

In the meantime Captain Nemo had stopped. My companions and I imitated him, and, turning round, I saw that his men had formed a semi-circle round their chief. Looking with more attention, I noticed

SQUARE WORDS



The outer fringes of this word-square have already been filled in, so that all the puzzlist has to do is supply the remaining letters to make good words reading the same, down and across.

that four of them were carrying an object of oblong form on their shoulders.

We were then in the centre of a vast open space surrounded by high arborisations of the submarine forest. Our lamps lighted up the space with a sort of twilight which immoderately lengthened the shadows on the ground. As I looked at the ground I saw that it was raised in certain places by slight excrescences incrustated with calcareous deposits, and laid out with a regularity that betrayed the hand of man.

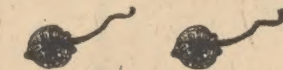
In the centre of the open space,



on a pedestal of rocks roughly piled together, rose a coral cross, which extended its long arms, that one might have said were made of petrified blood.

Upon a sign from Captain Nemo one of his men came forward, and at some feet distance from the cross began to dig a hole with a pickaxe that he took from his belt.

Then the bearers approached. The body, wrapped in a tissue of white byssus, was lowered into its watery tomb. Captain Nemo, with his arms crossed on his chest, and all the friends of the man who had loved them, knelt in the attitude of prayer. My two companions and I bent religiously.



The tomb was then filled with the matter dug from the soil, and formed a slight excrescence.

When this was done Captain Nemo and his men rose; then, collecting round the tomb, all knelt again, and extended their hands in sign of supreme adieu.

Then the funeral procession set out for the Nautilus again, repassing under the arcades of the forest, amidst the thickets by the side of the coral-bushes, going uphill all the way.

At last the lights on board appeared. Their luminous track guided us to the Nautilus. We were back at one o'clock.

As soon as I had changed my clothes I went up on to the platform, and, a prey to a terrible conflict of emotions, I went and seated myself near the lantern-cage.

Give it a name.

Let's have the best title your crew can devise for this picture.

Captain Nemo joined me there. I rose and said—

"Then, as I foresaw, that man died in the night?"

"Yes, M. Aronnax," answered Captain Nemo.

"Your dead sleep, at least, tranquil, captain, out of reach of the sharks!"

"Yes, sir," answered Captain Nemo gravely, "of sharks and man!"

(Continued to-morrow)

A man cannot be too careful in the choice of his enemies.

Oscar Wilde.

People will not look forward to posterity, who never look back at their ancestry.

Edmund Burke.

The progress of human society consists . . . in . . . the better and better apportioning of wages to work.

Thos. Carlyle.

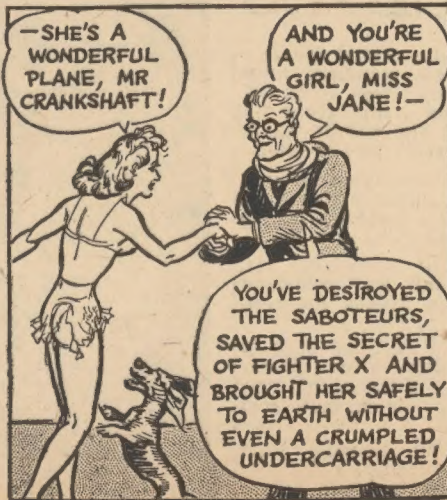
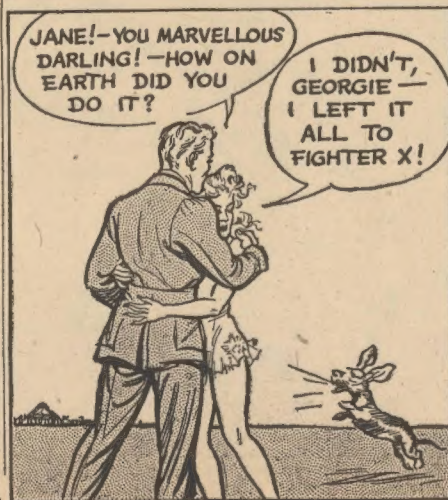
Life is made up of sobs, sniffles and smiles . . . with sniffles predominating.

O. Henry (Wm. Sydney Porter).

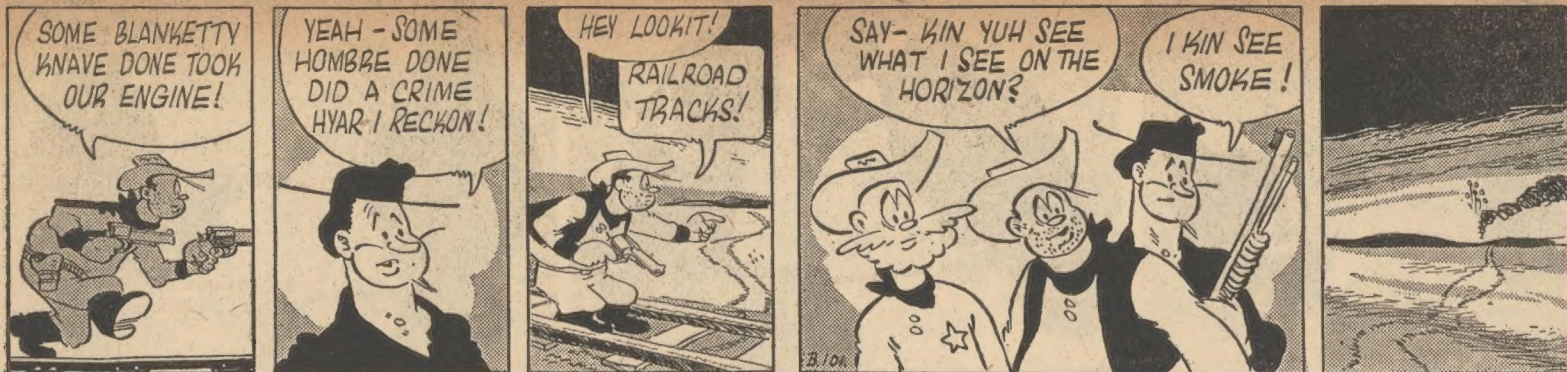
Force and fraud are, in war, the two cardinal virtues.

(Thos. Hobbes, 1588-1679).

JANE



Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



NELSON'S COLUMN

RARE honour has been paid to Eddie Hapgood, Arsenal and England Soccer captain, now pilot-officer in the R.A.F.

The King has autographed a photograph of himself shaking hands with Hapgood before the start of the England and Wales Red Cross international match at Wembley, and has consented to it being presented to the Arsenal man.

Before the match the King congratulated Hapgood on his record of 43 appearances for England.

Eddie, in his Soccer career, seems to have taken on more countries even than Hitler.

Besides Scotland, Wales and Ireland, he has played against Italy, Switzerland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Holland, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Finland, France, and Yugoslavia.

HONOUR, too, has been done to two former professionals. Only by the express permission of the Football Association may a man who made his living out of Soccer take any part in the administrative side of the game.

The ruling is a survival from the murky past, which, in the opinion of many, has long outlived its usefulness.

Even in these enlightened days it is rare indeed for sanction to be given. When it is, it may be taken as a great tribute to the integrity of the player concerned.

Two such applications have recently come before the F.A., and to each of them that august body, after due consideration, has given its assent.

Jesse Pennington, famous West Bromwich Albion and England international full-back, was one of the applicants. Jesse is to be permitted to represent a junior club on the Kidderminster and District Junior League.

A. E. Haynes, one-time Arsenal and Crystal Palace player, is authorised to serve on the committee of the Oxford City Club.

Minor roles, both of them—yet what honour has been done by the F.A. to these two men!

PILOT-OFFICER L. MANFIELD, new D.F.C. winner, once set the international Rugby selectors of two countries a pretty problem.

Born in Wales, of English parents, he was chosen in 1938 to take part in an England and a Welsh international trial on the same day.

He declined the English invitation; accepted the Welsh, and was twice capped by the Principality.

INTERNATIONAL qualifications in Rugby are by no means so clear-cut as in Soccer. In doubtful instances, choice is often left to the player himself.

In Soccer, the deciding factor is a man's birthplace, irrespective of his ancestry.

Manfield, had he been a Soccer player, could have been chosen by Wales—and Wales only.

THE NAVY WON THE FIRST AND SECOND HEARD THIS ONE ?

SO many Victoria-Crosses have been awarded for gallantry this war that the metal from which they are made is running short! The material, by the way, is the cannon captured in previous wars—mainly, it is said, the Crimea War.

When the decoration of the V.C. was first instituted it was established for outstanding gallantry, and was not confined to any rank. Seamen and privates could (and can) win the V.C., as well as Admirals and Generals. There is a small pension goes with it—a very small pension.

And which Service do you think secured the first V.C. to be awarded? It was the Navy!

And the second? The Navy again. After that the Navy let the Army have a look in.

The first V.C. was awarded to C. P. Lucas (later Rear Admiral), who was a midshipman on board H.M.S. Hecla when the British Fleet were bombarding Bomarsund, a fort on the Aland Islands, Gulf of Bothnia. That was on 20th June, 1854.

V.C.s

STUART MARTIN

V.C. No. 1.

Capt. Hall of the Hecla ordered Valorous (Capt. Buckle) and Odur (Capt. Scott) to join in attacking the fort. The three ships sailed into position the next morning and the forts opened up in return.

At midday a masked battery of 24-pounders started strafing Hecla from 500 yards. Every shot told. A shell landed on the Hecla's quarter-deck.

It wasn't the modern kind of shell, but a round ball with a fuse attached.

Lucas leaped forward, and, lifting the shell, threw it overboard. It exploded before it reached the water.

He was promoted Lieutenant right away. Two years later, when the Victoria Cross decoration was instituted, his name was sent forward, backed by Sir Charles Napier. Lucas was V.C. No. 1.

The second V.C. was given to Lieut. Bythesea (afterwards Rear Admiral), who did a fine bit of work in August, 1854. He was serving on H.M.S. Arrogant, commanded by Capt. Yelverton, on the same campaign as that in which Lucas won the first V.C.

It was discovered that despatches were being sent via the island of Wardo from the Tsar to the Russian commander at Lieut. Bythesea went ashore Bomarsund.

V.C. No. 2.

with Stoker Johnstone (who could speak Swedish), stayed at a farmhouse, held up the Russian despatch riders, stole their bag and delivered it to his captain. It took the two several days to do the trick, and they brought back with them several Russian prisoners in their boat.

With the prisoners on board Arrogant, the Tsar's despatches were examined. At first Sir Charles Napier (in command) could hardly believe the coup had come off. He had not thought the Navy could do it. But the Navy did.

"This load is too much for one horse," said old Farmer Giles to the evacuee. "You'd better go across the fields to the barn and bring one of them spare horses to help us out."

"Which one shall I bring?" asked the youngster.

"Why, bring the old grey mare," said Giles. "Let's wear the old 'uns out first."

"All right," retorted the kid, "YOU go and get it."

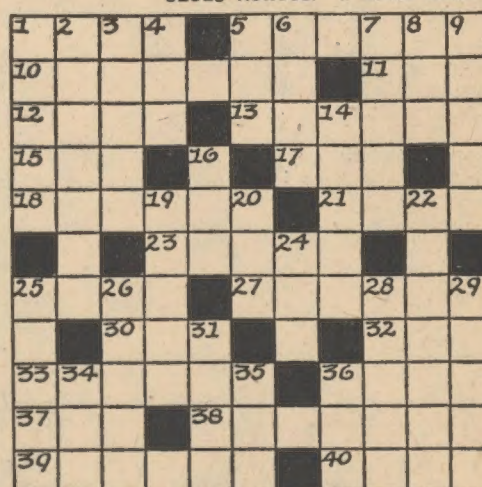
LET'S HAVE A LINE

on what you think of 'Good Morning' with your ideas.

Address top of Page 4.

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Edible seed. 5 Sounds of mirth.



10 Uncertain. 11 Long tear. 12 Pit below engine. 13 Widen. 15 Poem. 17 Immerse. 18 Very small person. 21 Water lizard. 23 Erect. 25 Forbid. 27 Cherishes. 30 Sunken track. 32 Enclosed seat. 33 Forms. 36 Skin. 37 Male animal. 38 Route-like part. 39 Add to. 40 Furtive glance.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

WELTER ROLL
IVY CODETIA
SORROW AHEM
PLEA A RE E
V FUND RAN
VESTS UPSET
ADA EVER R
S LO E OPAL
SHAM INDITE
AUDIBLE KEG
LEST STRESS

CLUES DOWN. 1 Broom. 2 Learned. 3 With weapons. 4 Pile. 5 Cover. 6 Sharp. 7 Juicy berry. 8 Success. 9 Used up. 14 Passenger-ship. 16 Affirmative. 19 Classify. 20 Metal. 22 Fooled by flattery. 24 Petition. 25 Match. 26 Go on foot. 28 Cook's flavouring. 29 Long oar. 31 Sea-bird. 34 Climbing plant. 35 Woeful. 36 Rose fruit.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

RITA (You were never lovelier) HAYWORTH



And as if being beautiful wasn't a flying start in life, Rita ties it up with a charming voice, and dazzling feet.



I'm telling YOU, Pol, you want to get around, get off your perch and don't be so prudish; you don't know what you're missing.

IF YOU ONLY KNEW what goes on in this house, you'd be surprised. Why, only this morning... But, there, you'd NEVER understand. In any case, you're all talk.



Listen, Kit. I'm not as green as I'm parrot looking. Why the heck do you think I talk sweetie-pie to the mistress? Almost tell her a bed-time story, I do. Matter of fact, only last night I talked so much and got her so interested, that she forgot to turn the light out until it was almost too late. Boy, oh boy, it taxes my memory; but it's worth it.



Hmm, when I sit back and look at you properly, I see now that you have more than a little oomph. Thought you were pretty dopey and just repeated things, but now I realise that you can keep a secret and be VERY observant. I never listen to gossip, of course. WHAT time did you say you'd be round in the morning?



This England

And could anything be more English than this delightful study of Ightham Moat, Kent.



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"—!!!X?!"

